MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY

HELEN LEIGH,
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BY

MELESINA TRIGGS.

PUBLISHED

TO

THOMAS WILLIS, Esq.

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POEMS

ARE,

BY PERMISSION,

WITH HUMBLE RESPECT AND GRATITUDE,

INSCRIBED;

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT,

AND OBLIGED SERVANT,

HELEN LEIGH.

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THOUGH an Apology is undoubtedly requiſite for the Publication of the following Sheets, I muſt confeſs that I have, in Reality, no *plauſible* one to make, if declaring myſelf the Wife of a Country Curate, and Mother of ſeven Children, will not be deemed ſufficient.

My moſt grateful Acknowledgments are due to thoſe Ladies and Gentlemen who have ſo generouſly patronized this Work; and ſhall ever remain

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The PURSUIT *of* PLEASURE,

In the OPPOSITE PATHS *of* VICE *and* VIRTUE;

Exemplified in the Characters of *Henry* and *Edward*.

HENRY, a youth, by Nature form'd to pleaſe,
Poſſeſs'd of beauty, elegance and eaſe;
Was ſprightly, ſenſible, good-natur'd, free;
And knew no want, for very rich was he:
Health bloom'd upon his cheek, but Pleaſure's charms,
Tempted the youth to wanton in her arms.
Through Vanity's extenſive wild he ſtray'd,
Dreſs'd gay, and each accompliſhment diſplay'd;

Nor doubted but his perſon, taſte and dreſs,
Would to her temple gain him free acceſs:
He ſought her in the gay convivial round,
But ſought in vain, for there ſhe was not found;
A phantom, which aſſum'd her name and charms,
Danc'd in his view, and took him to her arms;
But poor and languid were his empty joys;
Remorſe ſucceeds, and all his bliſs deſtroys.

His gay companions ſoon conſpir'd to bring
The youth to laugh at ev'ry ſerious thing;
To game till his eſtate was almoſt ſpent;
His conſtitution, next, to ruin went;
Reaſon was loſt in the inebriate bowl,
And paſſion rul'd without the leaſt controul:
Each ſenſual appetite muſt be obey'd,
While oaths profane his converſation ſway'd:

Thus,

Thus, in intemperance, his days were ſpent;
His nights in lewdneſs, tho' 'twas Pleaſure meant.

Thoſe places where the gay and great reſort,
Where Vice prevails, and Faſhion keeps her court,
All knew him well;—his folly, too, was known,
And ev'ry gameſter mark'd him for his own:
The tavern, play-houſe, bagnio, and the fair,
In his deſtruction claim'd an equal ſhare.

Thus by a courſe of guilty joys undone,
His fortune diſſipated, honour gone;
His conſtitution ruin'd by diſeaſe;
The wretched youth, his end approaching ſees;
Sees the dread gulph, Eternity, appear
Open before him;—See! he ſtarts with fear;
Unutterable woe, his looks expreſs,
While black deſpair, his actions all confeſs;

In anguiſh, which no force of words can tell,
Nor pencil paint, he bids the world — FAREWELL.

ON EDWARD's youthful form, the Graces ſmil'd,
While Virtue own'd him for her favourite child:
Inſtructed from his earlieſt years, to tread
The ſacred paths, where Truth and Virtue lead:
Like HENRY, he was ſenſible and gay,
And Pleaſure ſought, but in a diff'rent way;
His fortune was not quite ſo large, 'tis true,
Yet he was rich, becauſe his wants were few;
A pleaſing independence he enjoy'd,
And was too wiſe to be the ſlave of Pride:
Strong were his paſſions, but by reaſon ſway'd,
Religion's laws he never diſobey'd;
Native benevolence poſſeſs'd his heart,
Of which, the ſmalleſt inſect had a part;

He deem'd it cruelty extreme to hurt
A harmleſs bird ; — nor did he think it ſport
To chaſe the timid hare, or wily fox
O'er hills and vallies, woods, or craggy rocks :
Yet he amuſements had, and not a few ;
He ſhunn'd *falſe* pleaſure, but poſſeſs'd the *true :*
O ! with what rapture, Nature he explor'd !
What ſatisfaction did the view afford !
With Vegetation's curious progreſs charm'd,
The bright ſurvey his grateful boſom warm'd ;
Each plant, each flow'r, in elegance of dreſs,
Their great original at once confeſs ;
The pleaſing murmurs of each purling ſtream,
And lively verdure of the groves, the ſame :
The gay harmonious ſongſters of the wood,
In concert join'd, while EDWARD liſtening ſtood ;
Not MARA's voice, nor BILLINGTON's ſweet notes,
Con'd be compar'd with their melodious throats.

From

From earth to heaven, he rais'd his wond'ring eyes,
And view'd the vaſt expanſe, with glad ſurpriſe;
Obſerv'd the planets, while the moon ſerene,
With ſtars encircled, form'd a ſplendid ſcene;
" Far more magnificent, yon arch," he cry'd,
" Than RANELAGH's gay dome, with all its pride."

At other times, as inclination ſway'd,
The microſcope another world diſplay'd;
The air-pump yielded him extreme delight;
Thus Pleature with inſtruction he'd unite;
In rational amuſements ſpend his time,
While HENRY's life was one continued crime.

He learn'd from Books the knowledge of mankind,
The various powers that ſway the human mind;
But his chief ſtudy, and his greateſt care,
Was his own conduct by thoſe rules to ſquare,

He found recorded in each ſacred page,
By modern author, or by ancient ſage;
Theſe ſerv'd to ſtrengthen him in virtuous ways,
And crown with happineſs his future days;
His leiſure hours thus pleaſingly employ'd,
EDWARD the balm of true content enjoy'd.

Of his ſmall fortune, never too profuſe,
A conſtant fund for charitable uſe
Was ſet apart;—for EDWARD never turn'd
The ear of deafneſs, when affliction mourn'd;
Oft to the orphan, he a parent prov'd,
Nor e'er cou'd ſee the widow's tears unmov'd;
Nor did the poor, his bounteous hand reliev'd,
Feel half that happineſs, himſelf receiv'd.
O ſeize, ye affluent, this power to bleſs!
Earth has no joys, like comforting diſtreſs.

Tho'

Tho' EDWARD's ſoul by Virtue was poſſeſs'd,
Love was no ſtranger to his gentle breaſt;
He felt its animating force, for one
Who reign'd the miſtreſs of his heart alone;
In her, he found that excellence he ſought,
A mind like his, with ev'ry virtue fraught;
The bliſs of MILTON's wedded love he prov'd,
For life united to the fair he lov'd;
His joys ſhe ſhar'd, his ſorrows were her own,
Nor did he form a wiſh to her unknown;
Their children, by their bright example fir'd,
Trod in their paths, and were like them admir'd.

Thus EDWARD lives, reſpected and eſteem'd
By all who know him;—and a bleſſing deem'd
To ſuffering indigence; friend of mankind,
Forward he looks, nor caſts a wiſh behind;

The

The awful hour of his approaching fate,
He calmly ſees, nor dreads a future ſtate;
But reſts in hope to quit his houſe of clay,
For the bright manſions of eternal day.

The NATURAL CHILD.

LET not the title of my verſe offend,
Nor let the Prude contract her rigid brow;
That helpleſs Innocence demands a friend,
Virtue herſelf will cheerfully allow:

And ſhou'd my pencil prove too weak to paint,
The ills attendant on the babe ere born;
Whoſe parents ſwerv'd from Virtue's mild reſtraint,
Forgive th' attempt, nor treat the Muſe with ſcorn.

Yon rural farm, where Mirth was wont to dwell,
Of Melancholy, now appears the ſeat;
Solemn and ſilent as the hermit's cell—
Say what, my muſe, has caus'd a change ſo great?

This hapleſs morn, an Infant firſt ſaw light,
Whoſe innocence a better fate might claim,

Than

Than to be ſhunn'd as hateful to the ſight,
And baniſh'd ſoon as it receives a name.

No joy attends its entrance into life,
No ſmile upon its mother's face appears,
She cannot ſmile, alas! ſhe is no wife;
But vents the ſorrows of her heart in tears.

No father flies to claſp it to his breaſt,
And bleſs the pow'r that gave it to his arms;
To ſee his form, in miniature, expreſs'd,
Or trace, with ecſtacy, its mother's charms.

Unhappy babe! thy father is thy foe!
Oft ſhall he wiſh thee number'd with the dead;
His crime entails on thee a load of woe,
And ſorrow heaps on thy devoted head.

Torn from its mother's breaſt, by ſhame or pride,
No matter which—to hireling hands aſſign'd;
A parent's tenderneſs, when thus deny'd,
Can it be thought its nurſe is over-kind?

Too many, like this infant may we ſee,
Expos'd, abandon'd, helpleſs and forlorn;
'Till death, misfortune's friend, has ſet them free,
From a rude world, which gave them nought but ſcorn.

Too many mothers—horrid to relate!
Soon as their infants breathe the vital air,
Deaf to their plaintive cries, their helpleſs ſtate,
Led on by ſhame, and driv'n by deſpair,

Fell murderers become——Here ceaſe, my pen,
And leave theſe wretched victims of deſpair;
But ah! what puniſhments await the men,
Who, in ſuch depths of mis'ry, plunge the fair.

The MISER; *a* FABLE.

A MISER, thirſting after gain,
Had led a life of care and pain;
And, tho' his cheſts were cramm'd with gold,
Yet hunger, nakedneſs and cold,
Had quite worn out his meagre frame,
And death, in all his horrors came.

Food meet for worms, his carcaſe made,
One Penny in his mouth was laid,
His paſſage over Styx to pay,
As was the cuſtom of that day;
His wealth, his glad relations ſhar'd;
Yet grudg'd the penny they had ſpar'd.

Soon on the banks of Styx, his ſhade
Arriv'd; where Charon's boat convey'd,

Thoſe

Thoſe ghoſts who paid the uſual fare,
Acroſs the lake, with ſpecial care;
While thoſe, who nothing had to pay,
With Charon's oar were puſh'd away.
It griev'd the Miſer to the heart,
With his dear penny thus to part;
To cheat the ferry-man, he try'd,
Plung'd in; and ſwam to th' other ſide.

Affrighted! Cerberus bark'd thrice,
Out ruſh'd the furies in a trice,
Seiz'd on the bold intruding ſhade,
And thence, to Minos' court convey'd
Him—there accus'd;—the judge long time
Spent, in examining the crime;
Likewiſe the puniſhment its due,
As being of a nature new.

Says he,—" What does this wretch deſerve?—
" Tantalus' torments will not ſerve;
" Nor will the wheel of Ixion do—
" Shall he the rolling ſtone purſue,
" With Siſyphus?—or feel the pain
" Prometheus feels?—or pour, in vain,
" Water, the ſieve-like jar to fill,
" With thoſe, who did their huſbands kill;
" Ægyptus' daughters?—hateful crew?
" Ah! no, theſe torments will not do,"

Stern Minos cries,—" But open wide yon door,
" I've greater puniſhments than theſe in ſtore—
" To rend his avaricious ſoul in twain,
" I'll ſend him hence, to his own world again,
" His own eſtate; to view his laviſh heirs,
" Waſting the produce of his toils and cares:
" A ſight like *this*, the wretch himſelf ſhall own,
" Exceeds each torment in theſe regions known."

A Specimen

A Specimen of Modern Female Education.

MARIA, from her infant years,
Was all her mother's hopes and fears;
To ſuch a pitch that fondneſs grew,
Miſs did—whate'er ſhe choſe to do;
Sole miſtreſs of the nurs'ry, ſhe
Indulg'd in ev'ry thing muſt be;
The maids, as order'd, ſtill ſupply'd
Her wants, and trembl'd if ſhe cry'd;
She muſt not cry, rather than that,
To pieces goes my Lady's hat;
Gauzes and ribbands form a broom,
And oſtrich feathers ſweep the room:
Nay, ſhou'd ſhe feel a ſtrong deſire,
To ſee Sir Charles's wig on fire,
Rather than tears ſhou'd ſpoil her face,
Another ſoon ſupplies its place.

Under

Under ſuch government as this,
Can it be wonder'd at, that Miſs
Soon grew above my Lady's hand,
Nor e'er wou'd brook a reprimand.

To Boarding-School ſhe now was ſent;
But, 'twas thought proper, e'er ſhe went,
To give the Governeſs her cue,
And tell her what ſhe had to do:
" Dear Mrs. Sage," my Lady cries,
" Pray don't let reading ſpoil her eyes,
" Nor needle-work; and, do ye hear,
" Be ſure you take the greateſt care,
" That none e'er contradicts my child,
" She can't bear *that*, ſhe's been ſo ſpoil'd."

The Governeſs, in hopes to pleaſe
Her Ladyſhip, to this agrees;

Takes the young Lady with her home,
And gives her the genteeleſt room:
But ſhe, who ne'er had known reſtraint,
Soon gave occaſion for complaint;
Unruly, inſolent and vain,
She thought o'er all the ſchool to reign.

The Governeſs, to ſoothe her pride,
To reaſon with Maria try'd,
But all in vain, for, void of grace,
She ſlapp'd her Miſtreſs in the face.

My Lady heard the tale, and ſmil'd;
Admir'd the ſpirit of the child;
Hop'd ſhe'd excuſe it — but ſhe'd call
At ſchool, next day, and ſettle all.

Accordingly, next day ſhe goes,
To chide her daughter, you'll ſuppoſe;

Not an improbable conjecture,
She gave her—*a moſt trimming lecture.*

Says ſhe, " Maria, what I hear
" You've miſbehav'd;—kiſs me, my dear;
" Indeed it was not right to hit
(Then burſt into a laughing fit)
" Your Governeſs upon the face;
" You ought to ſuffer ſome diſgrace
" For ſuch behaviour—nay, don't cry,
" I'll ſend you ſomething, by and by,
" A fine gold watch; and ſee, what's here,
" Some pretty trinkets—take 'em dear,
" And give your Governeſs a kiſs—"
With much ado, the ſtubborn Miſs,
At length, conſented to be friends,
And *thus*, my Lady's chiding ends.

But 'tis not very hard to gueſs,
How much *this* hurt her Governeſs;
However, ſhe agreed at laſt,
No more to notice what had paſt,
Provided Miſs, in future, wou'd
Be very tractable and good—
"Good!" cries my Lady, "to be ſure!
"Have not I juſt been talking to her?
"She'll be much better, without doubt—"
This paſs'd, as ſhe was going out.

The ſequel ſhew'd, how much improv'd,
Miſs was, by being ſo reprov'd;
For ere another day was o'er,
She lock'd her Miſtreſs out of door.

This treatment rous'd the gentle dame,
And to avoid ſtill greater ſhame,

She ſent her home, to her wiſe mother,
Who, when a child, was ſuch another;
And ſhou'd Maria chance to wed,
Juſt ſo, her daughter muſt be bred.

If children thus, muſt have their way,
Time will the bleſſed fruit diſplay,
And wives become, they run aſtray.

The

The OWL; *a* FABLE.

A YOUNG Owl who, Narciſſus-like, chanc'd to ſurvey
Himſelf, in a ſtream which he found by the way;
Was ſo pleas'd with his perſon, ſo charm'd with his air,
That the bright God of Day, as he thought, was leſs fair;
Nor did Cynthia, his goddeſs, chaſte queen of the night,
In his own dear opinion, appear half ſo bright:
Thus proud of his charms, he began to ſet forth,
In this curious oration, his honour, and worth.

" How oft to the Graces, ſweet incenſe I've burn'd!
" At my birth, Cytherea my perſon adorn'd;
" I was clad in her ceſtus—gay Cupids around,
" With their wanton wings fann'd me—and now I am found

" Of

" Of an age fit for Hymen, who doubtleſs will bleſs,
" Such a fav'rite of Venus—he can do no leſs,
" With a numerous offspring of beauties, like me,
" Who ſhall chaunt thro' the groves, of the vallies be free;
" For O! ſhould the race of us Owls, be once loſt,
" To produce ſuch another, would Nature exhauſt;
" And happy, thrice happy, that fair one will be,
" That ſhall chance to obtain ſuch a huſband as me."

The conceited young Owl, thus with vanity fir'd,
With the young royal Eaglet, an union deſir'd;
And diſpatches the Crow to the King of the Birds,
Who, not liking her errand, began to make words:
" What reception," ſays ſhe, " can I hope from the King,
" Should he vouchſafe to hear the propoſals I bring?
" 'Tis a match quite unequal—tho' nothing to me;
" But as yet, light and darkneſs, could never agree:

" You

" You know the fair Eaglet can gaze on the ſun,
" While the dawn of the day you endeavour to ſhun;
" If your eyes are too tender, Aurora to face,
" Think of Sol's fiercer rays, and avoid the diſgrace."

Thus reaſon'd his friend; but remonſtrance was vain,
For the Owl in his error reſolv'd to remain,
And again urg'd the Crow; who, to humour his pride,
Undertook the commiſſion, threw reaſon aſide,
And appear'd at the court—where her bus'neſs made known,
She obtain'd firſt a ſmile, then this ſpeech from the throne—
" If your Maſter expects an alliance with me,
" His fine face in the air, at mid-day, let me ſee."

'Twas enough for the Owl, who prepar'd for the flight,
On the wings of Ambition, not dreading the light;
But ſoon, with the radiance of Phœbus ſtruck blind,
His way thro' the air, he no longer could find;

Down

Down he ſunk to the earth—and his brother owls own
That they found him at night, in a quarry of ſtone.

If to ſhine in a ſphere that's above us we aim,
We may chance to encounter with nothing but ſhame:
Had the Owl, in ſome cavern, ſought out for a wife,
Tis a hundred to one he'd been happy for life.

The WORM *and* BUTTERFLY; *a* FABLE.

A BUTTERFLY, one morn in May,
With rainbow-wings, alert and gay,
As he was flutt'ring on a tree
Of honey-ſuckles, chanc'd to ſee,
A crawling Worm, attempt, with pain,
The top of a ſmall twig to gain:

" Poor reptile!" ſays the Butterfly,
" How durſt thou venture up ſo high?—
" Methinks thou wert by far more ſafe,
" When underneath yon cabbage-leaf."

The ſelf-convicted Worm reply'd,
" My folly 'tis in vain to hide;

" By

" By ſad experience *now* I find,
" Theſe twigs, when beaten by the wind,
" Laſh my poor ſides—the ſweet-brier too,
" Has almoſt pierc'd my body through;
" Beſides, I ev'ry moment dread,
" Leſt ſome bird, flying o'er my head,
" Should ſnatch me up;—ah! why did I
" Forſake my cabbage-leaf to die?—
" Under its ſhade, tho' more obſcure
" I liv'd—yet ſtill I liv'd ſecure;
" And, if I muſt confeſs the truth,
" The cabbage better pleas'd my tooth,
" Than all the flow'rets now in bloom,
" Which ſhed around ſuch ſweet perfume;
" But by ambition vainly fir'd,
" To ſee the world I *thus* aſpir'd."

BUTTERFLY. What have you ſeen, friend, may I aſk,
To compenſate this toilſome taſk?—

WORM. Nothing, but that, go where I will,
I find myſelf a reptile ſtill;
And wonder, creatures ſuch as we,
The beams of Sol ſhould ever ſee:
O, had I wings like you, to fly
About, and baſk beneath his eye;
At pleaſure rove from flow'r to flow'r
To ſip the dew—and ſeek ſome bow'r
When darkneſs comes—O! for ſuch bliſs—
Who would not cheriſh life like this?—

BUTTERFLY. Your 'plaints are juſt—but patience, friend,
Another year your woes may end;
For, tho' my tale be ſtrange, 'tis true,
Laſt winter I was ſuch as you;

A grov'ling

A grov'ling worm, depreſt and low;
Bound by the froſt, o'erwhelm'd with ſnow;
Wrapt in the garb myſelf had ſpun
Ere winter's icy reign begun;
And, but few ſuns have gilt the ſky,
Since I became a Butterfly.

The Worm confeſt the tale was ſtrange;
But, when aſſur'd that ſuch a change,
Himſelf, with reaſon, might expect,
He ſpoke—in words to this effect:

" Henceforth, contented with my ſtate,
" Patient, the happy change I'll wait,
" Rejoic'd to be a Worm, ſince I
" May one day ſhine a Butterfly."

The MOON; *a* FABLE.

THE ſeven Grecian ſages,
Whoſe wiſdom fame has ſpread,
Throughout ſucceeding ages,
At Athens, once, 'tis ſaid,

Were met in conſultation,
And *this* their grand debate,
What wonder in creation,
Might be eſteem'd moſt great?

When one of high conceptions
Above the reſt, propos'd,
What met with ſome exceptions,
Tho' none its truth oppos'd:

Th' Aſtro-

Th' Aſtronomer's opinion,
That ev'ry fixed ſtar,
Through heaven's wide dominion,
Which ſeems ſo ſmall from far;

Is like our ſun in glory,
With planets moving round,
Where, tho' moſt ſtrange the ſtory,
Men, brutes, and plants abound.

A thought, thus all-inſpiring,
Each breaſt with rapture fir'd;
And, Luna's orb admiring,
They earneſtly deſir'd,

Great Jupiter's direction,
A moſt amazing boon!

His guidance, and protection,
To bear them to the Moon;

Three days for obſervation—
They aſk'd, nor wiſh'd for more,
Thinking, by application,
Its regions to explore,

Ere half that time was waſted;
And promis'd to recite,
What joys above they taſted,
What wonders charm'd their ſight.

Jove their petition granted,
And, on a mountain's top,
The vehicle they wanted,
Was quickly ſeen to drop:

Artiſts

Artiſts of reputation,
They took, to paint each ſcene
Found worthy obſervation,
And enter'd their machine

Mid thouſands of ſpectators,
Aſſembl'd to admire,
Theſe aerial navigators,
To diſtant worlds aſpire.

Soon, with a rapid motion,
They ſoar aloft in air,
While birds, in wild commotion,
Attend a flight ſo rare:

But, Jove's own eagle guiding
Their wond'rous air-balloon,
Thro' num'rous dangers riding,
At length, they reach'd the moon:

Where, for their ſole reception,
A palace was prepar'd,
Sumptuous, beyond conception—
On golden pillars rear'd.

On down of ſwans repoſing,
With their ſtrange journey tir'd,
They lay next morning dozing,
'Till half the day expir'd.

A table, moſt inviting,
Next met their raviſh'd eyes,
And, hunger's call exciting,
They all, with glad ſurprize,

Partook of the collation,
'Twas moſt delicious fare;
And, under ſuch temptation,
What mortal cou'd forbear?—

Wines,

Wines, rich as nectar, crowning
Their elegant repaſt—
All cares, in pleaſure drowning,
The minutes flew too faſt;

For night came, unexpected,
Their chief deſign forgot,
And, no one place inſpected,
Save that delightful ſpot.

Soon as the roſy morning,
Had uſher'd in the day,
The diſtant hills adorning,
With many a pleaſing ray,

The travellers ariſing,
Determin'd to purſue,
(All ſenſual joys deſpiſing)
The ſcheme they had in view:

Their thoughts, on contemplation
Were now entirely bent,
And that day's obſervation,
Sure nothing cou'd prevent:

But, while they were concluding,
What road was beſt to take,
Some viſitors intruding,
Their compliments to make,

Unhappily retarded,
The bus'neſs of the day;
Wiſdom was diſregarded,
And Pleaſure bore the ſway.

The Ladies charms enchanting,
Theſe ſtrangers from the earth;
No requiſite was wanting,
To furniſh them with mirth:

Loſt,

Loſt, to all ſenſe of duty,
In gallantry and joy,
Our Grecians, ſlaves to Beauty,
Another day employ.

Their neighbours, envious growing,
Of ſuch a joyous band,
Rude epithets beſtowing,
Ruſh'd in, with ſword in hand;

And bred ſo great a riot,
So much diſturbance made,
That ſome, to purchaſe quiet,
To juſtice were convey'd:

As th' next day was appointed,
For hearing of the cauſe,
The Sages, unacquainted
With Luna, or her laws,

Againſt their inclinations,
The trial muſt attend;
And *thus* their obſervations
Attain'd a final end;

For the three days expiring,
So very *wiſely* ſpent;
From Luna's ſphere retiring,
To Greece again they went.

On terra firma landing,
The people all around,
With open mouths were ſtanding—
In ſilence moſt profound,

Expecting ſtrange relations,
Of what was heard and ſeen,
By ſeven ſuch wiſe Grecians,
Who at the Moon had been.

The Sages ſoon related,
The whole of what they knew;
The ground was decorated
With flow'rs, of diff'rent hue:

Birds, on the trees, were ſinging—
They knew not of what kind;
And, for the flow'rets ſpringing,
Cou'd no deſcription find.

Thus, ignorance confeſſing,
In ev'ry place they came
They met contempt, depreſſing,
Diſquietude and ſhame.

THE APPLICATION.

SO with Mankind 'tis often found;
They tread the world's fantaſtic round;

Their Youth, in gaiety is ſpent;
When Manhood comes—then all intent
On buſ'neſs—they've no time to ſpend,
In thoughts about their latter end:
Age brings its cares;—Death follows ſoon,
And Life proves one ſhort viſit to the Moon.

The

The LINNET; *a* FABLE.

YOUNG Celia was beauteous, and blithe as the morn,
On her cheek bloom'd the lilly and roſe,
And ſweet was her breath as the bloſſoming thorn,
When, to hail ſpring returning it blows.

Her boſom, with love, and with tenderneſs glow'd,
But her Linnet was all her delight;
On the ſweet little warbler that love ſhe beſtow'd,
And careſt him from morning to night.

How oft wou'd ſhe open the door of his cage,
From which he enraptur'd wou'd fly,
And, perch'd on her hand, her attention engage,
While her lover unheeded ſtood by!

Yet oft, the ingrate wou'd for Liberty pine,
As he ſaw from her window the grove;
And oft wou'd he wiſh his companions to join,
Again thro' the woodlands to rove.

Unreſtrain'd by his Miſtreſs, one Midſummer morn,
When Phœbus illumin'd the eaſt,
He flew to ſome birds, who were perch'd on a thorn,
And forſook his wont ſeat on her breaſt.

" Ungrateful deſerter!" cry'd Celia, " away,
" And meet the reward of your crime;
" For ſhou'd you eſcape the keen ſportſman's ſurvey,
" You'll die of Repentance in time.

" But ah! his departure I ever ſhall mourn,
" He was all that was charming and ſweet;
" And ſhou'd the dear fugitive once more return,
" He ſhall ſtill greater tenderneſs meet:

" But vain the ſuggeſtion!—for tho' he may fly,
" More quick from a gun flies the ſhot;
" And, ſo num'rous the engines, prepar'd to deſtroy,
" That death is moſt ſurely his lot."

Thus,

Thus, with direful forebodings, was Celia oppreſt,
His loſs often coſt her a tear;
While he, far away from his miſtreſs and reſt,
Silly bird!—found deſtruction was near.

From a net, which was artfully ſpread to enſnare,
He ſaw a poor bird get away,
And, at ſome little diſtance, a kite in the air,
Apparently, eager of prey:

In deep conſternation, his monſtrous beak,
With wonder a while he ſurvey'd,
Rejoic'd to eſcape it;—but found his miſtake,
By his former vain notions betray'd.

Said he to himſelf, in diſconſolate ſtrain,
"How happy, the ſtate I regret!
"Cou'd I my fair miſtreſs's fondneſs regain—
"That fondneſs I ne'er can forget:

" I again ſhou'd be fed by her delicate hand,
" As three times I was yeſterday,
" When ſhe ſtrok'd my ſmooth feathers—and now here I ſtand,
" Neglected—to hunger a prey.

" Ah! Celia, your boſom with kindneſs replete,
" Has been cruelly ſtung by my flight,
" But I'll haſte to return, and abjure at your feet
" My crime, and be bleſt with your ſight."

He ſpoke—and, like light'ning, flew back to the ſpot,
Where his miſtreſs receiv'd him with joy;
He is faithful, ſhe loves him—thus happy his lot,
He'll never more venture to fly.

Like this ſimple Linnet, how oft may we ſee,
The fond youth, and the love-ſtricken maid,
From their parents embraces imprudently flee,
By falſe notions of freedom betray'd!

The REVENGE;

FROM A FACT, ATTESTED BY THE SPANISH HISTORIANS.

'TWAS night—and darkneſs all around,
Her ſable curtain ſpread,
When Claudio ſought—and ſeeking found,
The manſions of the dead:

For having, in his own defence
Slain his invet'rate foe,
Ere he cou'd prove his innocence,
Elſewhere 'twas death to go.

A church's ſacred portal gain'd,
He lean'd againſt the door—
Surpriz'd!—the door on which he lean'd
Flew open;—but what more

The wretched wanderer did affright,
Within the hallow'd dome,

He

He ſaw a pale and glimmering light,
As iſſuing from a tomb:

Yet ſtill had courage to draw near,
When, dreadful to behold!
He ſaw, what chill'd his heart with fear,
What made his blood run cold—

A beauteous Lady, clad in white,
With wild and frantic look,
Roſe from the grave;—while, at the ſight,
His frame with horror ſhook:

Who ſtepping, with a threat'ning tone,
And with a bloody knife,
To Claudio, almoſt turn'd to ſtone,
Almoſt bereft of life;

Demanded, what had brought him there,
At ſuch an hour of night?

The tim'rous youth, benumb'd with fear,
And thinking her a ſprite,

The truth, without reſerve, confeſt,
And why he thither fled —
" Art thou, indeed, ſo much diſtreſt ?"
The beauteous phantom ſaid.

" 'Tis true, thou'rt in my pow'r," ſhe cry'd,
" But fear no harm from me ;
" I am — and own the deed with pride —
" A murderer like thee.

" A Lady of a noble race,
" By perjur'd man betray'd ;
" And doom'd to mis'ry and diſgrace,
" Tho' late a ſpotleſs maid.

" The wretch who won my virgin heart,
" Soon triumph'd o'er my fame ;

" Acted

" Acted the treacherous villain's part,
" And boasted of my shame.
" I hir'd a ruffian — had him slain —
" But not with *that* content,
" Still greater vengeance to obtain,
" I to the Sexton went;
" And purchas'd, with a purse of gold,
" Permission to explore
" His grave; — and *here* that heart behold,
" The perjur'd villain wore.
" From his vile breast, these hands have torn
" This heart — Revenge how sweet!"
She said—and with a look of scorn,
Stamp'd on it with her feet.
" Be this," she cry'd, " each traitor's doom
" Who our weak sex betrays;"
Then turn'd—and sought the Convent's gloom,
To end her wretched days.

BELLARIO *and* MIRANDA;

OR

SUICIDE PROVIDENTIALLY PREVENTED.

ERE the arch rebel Cromwell's ruthleſs hand,
Had ſeiz'd, 'mong others, on Bellario's land;
Embolden'd by the wealth he then enjoy'd,
He ſought the fair Miranda for his bride;
She own'd his worth, his loyalty approv'd,
And lov'd the youth — but knew not that ſhe lov'd,
'Till dire misfortune round Bellario ſpread
Her train of ills, and all his hopes were fled:
When grief had ſeiz'd his ſoul, and anxious care
Stamp'd on his brow the image of deſpair,
'Twas *then* ſhe dar'd a mutual flame confeſs,
And gave her hand, to ſnatch him from diſtreſs.

Behold him now, to affluence reſtor'd,
Peace, love and joy, attendants at his board;
Four ſmiling prattlers, as their mother fair,
Heighten each joy, and ſoften ev'ry care;
The charms of friendſhip, once again he proves,
If thoſe are friends adverſity removes;
While his fond heart, with gratitude o'erflows,
Since, to Miranda's love, ſuch happineſs he owes.

But ah! how fleeting are all earthly joys,
When one rude ſtorm of fate each bliſs deſtroys!
A baſe, deſigning, artful villain came,
His views conceal'd by friendſhip's ſacred name;
Who play'd ſo well the wily ſerpent's part,
Twining around Bellario's honeſt heart,
That he, (ah! fatal confidence!) agreed,
For this *pretended* friend, to do a deed,

That

That drove him from the heights of human bliſs,
Upon the dreadful verge of that abyſs,
That execrable cave, that horrid cell,
Where ruin and deſpair for ever dwell.

Bellario, gen'rous to a fault, believ'd
The wretch's artful tale, and was deceiv'd:
In ſhort, he madly ventur'd to become
His ſurety for a moſt enormous ſum:
When this was done, with ſpeed the villain fled;
Leaving Bellario, with his flight half dead.
What cou'd he do?—the ſum was very great;
To pay it, wou'd have took his whole eſtate.
His own imprudence, how did he arraign!
And, of his friend's ingratitude, complain!
Then, on his lips Miranda's name he found,
And gave a ſtart—for death was in the ſound.

" Wretch! that I am," he cry'd, " how ſhall I face
" Her I've o'erwhelm'd in miſ'ry and diſgrace?
" Shall ſhe, who made me what I am — ſhall *ſhe*
" Be told ſhe's ruin'd — and be told by *me*?
" It cannot be — there's madneſs in the thought:
" Oh! what diſtreſs has this raſh action brought
" On my ſweet infants! — Can I live to ſee
" Them plung'd in want, and wretchedneſs, by me?
" Shall *I* be witneſs to their *cries for bread*;
" And, rotting in ſome jail, perchance be fed
" Myſelf, by *that* cold charity may give;
" Juſt what will ſerve, to make misfortune live?
" Scorn'd by the world — reproach'd by ev'ry friend —
" Diſtraction! — No — this hour my woes ſhall end."

Thus, ſunk in miſery, and loſt to hope,
He charg'd a piſtol — and ſecur'd a rope;

Either,

Either, as undetermin'd which to chuſe;
Or, if one fail'd, that he might th' other uſe:
Then wrote, to tell the partner of his care,
The dreadful cauſe that urg'd him to deſpair;
And to the window turn'd, for one laſt view
Of his dear children, ere he bid adieu
To *them*, and *life*—he ſaw them in the court,
At play; and ſtood a while, to watch their ſport;
When ſuddenly, as Providence decreed,
One fell upon its face—he ſaw it bleed,
And flew down ſtairs, with all a father's ſpeed.

Miranda, ſtartled with the noiſe he made,
Ran to his chamber—where ſhe thought him laid
For reſt upon the bed, as indiſpos'd;
But, what a ſcene was to her view expos'd!
A rope hung from the cieling, firmly ty'd;
A piſtol, with a letter by its ſide,

Lay

Lay on the table—what all theſe ſhou'd mean,
She rightly judg'd, the letter would explain:
But who can ſpeak the anguiſh of her mind,
When thus convinc'd Bellario had deſign'd
Theſe inſtruments to rid himſelf of life?
Shocking conviction to a tender wife!
Amaz'd! confounded! horror chill'd her blood,
And, like a monument of grief ſhe ſtood;
When, raſh Bellario, on ſelf-murder bent,
Return'd to execute his dire intent,
And found her *thus*—he bluſh'd with conſcious ſhame—
While ſhe another Niobe became,
And ſunk, diſſolv'd in tears—but *here* the muſe,
Hopes ſhe the Grecian painter's veil may uſe;
To hide the ſcene ſhe has not ſkill to paint,
And wanting words to tell the ſoft complaint
Miranda utter'd—but let *this* ſuffice,
Her woe-fraught reas'ning op'd Bellario's eyes;

His

His raſh attempt like cowardice appear'd,
He now prepar'd to face the danger fear'd;
To pay the bond, credulity had made
His own, and turn his fortune into trade.

That gracious Providence which ſav'd his life,
Prompted the gen'rous father of his wife,
To lend his aid to ſave him from diſtreſs;
Thus, as a Merchant, having great ſucceſs,
To affluence and eaſe, once more, reſtor'd,
He liv'd to bleſs the goodneſs of the Lord.

The BATTLE *of* AGINCOURT.

FULL many a long and toilſome day,
And many a weary night,
Had HENRY and his Soldiers paſt,
In ſad and diſmal plight:—

Oppreſs'd with hunger, wet and cold,
On nuts and roots they fed;
Still on they march'd, tho' for twelve days,
No better food they had.

Bridges were broke to ſtop their courſe,
Trees, 'croſs the roads were laid;
All which they patiently endur'd,
Fatigu'd, but not diſmay'd:—

When,

When, coming nigh to Agincourt,
They found a numerous hoſt
Aſſembled to oppoſe their march,
And drive them from their coaſt:

Which, when the royal Henry ſaw,
He bade his horſemen light,
And the whole army kneeling down—
Oh what a noble ſight!

With eyes and hands to Heaven rais'd,
Beſought the Lord of Might,
To yield his bleſſing on their arms,
And aid them in the fight.

Now from the Gallic army came
Three heralds to the King,
Who, from their haughty generals,
Did a proud challenge bring;

In which, they battle offer'd him,
But left *himſelf* to name
The time, and place when they ſhou'd meet—
An anſwer, which became

Brittannia's chief, was ſoon return'd,
By *Engliſh* heralds brought;
Expreſſive of his daring ſoul,
With Spartan courage fraught.

He told them, " *He* a conſtant march
" Had kept, of late, they knew;
" *Oft* had they incommoded him,
" And might have *fought* him too:

" But, if a *gen'ral* battle was
" By their late challenge meant,
" They'd find him in the open field,
" Prepar'd for that event.

That

" That his chief care ſhould always be,
" Never to do a thing
" Unworthy his exalted rank,
" Unworthy England's King.

" He did not mean to be the *firſt*
" To ſtrike the hoſtile blow;
" But, if attack'd, they ſoon wou'd find,
" He dar'd to face a foe.

" That *he* his march to Calais, was
" Determin'd to purſue;
" And if to ſtop him they were bent,
" Much miſchief might enſue:

" Therefore, he gave them *this* advice,
" And meant it for their good—
" To give him way—nor let thoſe fields
" Be ſtain'd with Chriſtian blood."

But, notwithſtanding Henry's care,
And offers to reſtore
The town of Harfleur—wou'd they give
The thoughts of battle o'er:

Confiding in their mighty force,
They nam'd the fatal day,
Which, *on themſelves*, deſtruction brought,
Confuſion, and diſmay.

And now, of battle ſure, the King
Might ev'ry day be ſeen,
On horſeback, clad in armour bright,
With countenance ſerene:

While his brave ſoldiers, to a man,
Reſolv'd to ſtand their ground;
Altho' great diſproportion was
Between the armies found.

A valiant

A valiant Welchman, David Gam,
Who rode beſide the King,
Was ſent, the enemy to view,
And *this* report did bring —

" Pleaſe you my liege, there's quite *enow*,
" For us to kill and ſlay;
" *Enow*, to ſerve for priſoners,
" *Enow*, to run away."

Indeed, the odds were very great,
For Henry had not more,
At th' utmoſt, than ten thouſand men,
Who, much fatigue had bore;

Whereas, the French commanders brought,
(As their own writers ſay)
Upwards of ſeven ſcore thouſand men,
Into the field that day —

Beſides,

Beſides, the French were freſh and gay,
And always well ſupply'd
With food—while Britain's half-ſtarv'd ſons,
Proviſions were deny'd.

Proud of theſe vaſt advantages,
And certain of ſucceſs,
The Engliſh army to deſtroy,
They thought of nothing leſs:—

Nay more—*this* conqueſt wou'd repair,
Their *former* loſs and ſhame;
When Poictiers, and Creſſy's plains,
With Gallic blood did ſtream.

And now, like many others, who
Build caſtles in the air,
The French, moſt cruelly reſolv'd
No living ſoul to ſpare;

Save Henry, and his gallant chiefs,
  Who ſhou'd their triumph grace;
And be to Paris captive led,
  Their honour to replace:—

Then, inſolently vain, in ſcorn,
  They of the King demand,
What he wou'd for his ranſom give?
  Who told 'em out of hand;

" He hop'd a few hours wou'd ſo far
  " Reduce the Gallic pride,
" That *France* alone ſhou'd have the care,
  " Due ranſoms to provide."

Th' important morn approaching, brought
  Theſe boaſters to the field,
As, to an eaſy victory,
  Aſſur'd the King would yield:

But

But *he*, who knew their greateſt ſtrength,
Muſt in their horſe conſiſt,
Had artfully his archers plac'd,
Their power to reſiſt;

Defended by ſharp piles, or ſtakes,
Near ſeven feet in length;
Which, as they cou'd at pleaſure move,
Serv'd to increaſe their ſtrength:

Beſides, two hundred bowmen bold,
All men of courage try'd,
He plac'd in a low meadow, where
The buſhes wou'd them hide.

The army's flanks the woods ſecur'd,
And guarded ev'ry way;
In one of which, a troop of horſe,
By the King's orders, lay

In ambuſh—ready to attack,
Whene'er the battle join'd,
The Gallic army in the rear,
And harraſs them behind.

The van was by the Duke of York
Led up—who had deſir'd
That ſtation, as moſt dangerous,
With love of glory fir'd.

In the main battle, did the King
Moſt gracefully advance;
Compleat in armour ſhining bright;
The Royal Arms of France,

With England's quarter'd on his ſhield;
A ſplendid crown of gold,
Upon his glitt'ring helmet ſhone,
Wrought in th' imperial mold:

His horſe, in ſumptuous trappings dreſt,
A noble ſpirit warm'd;
Proud of the royal weight he bore,
His ev'ry movement charm'd.

The royal ſtandard was before
The youthful King diſplay'd,
And other banners with the wind,
In warlike order play'd.

While, on the other ſide, the French
Did in three lines advance—
The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon,
And th' Conſtable of France,

Led up the firſt—the others were
Commanded by the prime
And flow'r of French nobility;
Who thought it not a time

To ſtay at home, when glory call'd;
For, on that fatal day,
Except the Dauphin and the King,
Few nobles kept away.

In order *thus* the armies ſtood,
No ſignal *yet* had broke
The bands which held the dogs of war;
When Henry thus beſpoke

His valiant ſoldiers—while his words
And actions, *both* conſpire,
To raiſe their courage to a pitch
Which *envy* ſhou'd admire—

" My lads," he cry'd, " ye now advance
" To Honour's glorious field;
" Nor doubt I, but your valourous deeds,
" Shall make the Gauls to yield:—

" For my part—England never ſhall
" For *me* a ranſom pay;
" Nor haughty Frenchman proudly boaſt,
" *I* to *his ſword* gave way;

" No!—Death or Victory be *my* fate!—
" I ſee it will be *yours*;
" The fury ſparkling in your eyes,
" Britain's ſucceſs inſures.

" Amaz'd ſhall future ages ſtand,
" When told, the ſword, the lance,
" And bow, ſuch wond'rous deeds perform'd,
" Among the chief of France:

" Yet tho' theſe pow'rful inſtruments,
" May ſerve to purchaſe fame;
" 'Tis God who gives the victory—
" Be prais'd, his holy name.

And

" And ſure, a Providence divine,
" Is guardian of our fate;
" Angels, inviſible, may ſhield
" Our heads, when dangers wait:

" For England's people on *this day*,
" At this moſt awful hour,
" Do, as appointed, keep a Faſt, *
" And pray th' Almighty power,

" To bleſs our arms with victory,
" Then why ſhou'd we deſpair?
" But ruſh like lightning on our foes,
" And death or glory ſhare."—

He

* It is remarkable, that this battle happened on the very day obſerved throughout England as a general Faſt, for the ſucceſs of the Britiſh arms.

He ceas'd—triumphant ſhouts were heard;
Each ſoldier ſeem'd inſpir'd;
Each caught a ray from Britain's ſun,
And were what they admir'd:—

"Lead on"—they cry'd—"to battle lead"—
And tho' the King wou'd fain
Have kept his advantageous ground,
He found 'twas all in vain:—

Then, leaping boldly from his horſe,
Reſolving to partake
Of ev'ry danger with his men,
He cry'd—"*Now* let us break

"Through th' army of our enemies,
"On *this* propitious day;
"And, truſting to the aid of Heav'n,
"Their arrogance repay."

At his command the ſtandards mov'd;
The archers on the right
And left, advancing on the foe—
An old experienced Knight,

Sir Thomas Erpingham by name,
Who did a truncheon bear,
Firſt led the way—and ſignal gave,
By throwing in the air

The truncheon which his hand contain'd,
While the whole army gave
A ſhout—that ſeem'd to rend the ſkies,
And pierce each rocky cave.—

Then did the archers in the van
Begin, with all their might,
To uſe their bows—and, as their dreſs
Was for that purpoſe light;

They

They with ſuch ſtrength and nimbleneſs,
Their yard-long arrows ſent;
So irreſiſtible their force,
They pierc'd where-e'er they went;

While the two hundred bow-men brave,
In ambuſh, wonders wrought;
Their ev'ry arrow wing'd with death,
A ſure deſtruction brought—

A thouſand Gallic horſe, againſt
The archers in the van,
Bravely advanc'd—but were ſo gall'd,
That on they madly ran

In much diſorder;—while the ranks
Behind them, preſſing ſore,
(The files being cloſely ſtraitened)
On thoſe which went before;

Order

Order no more cou'd be obſerv'd,
Confuſion reign'd around;
Their horſes, both with arrows pierc'd,
And ſinking in the ground,
(Which chiefly did of mire conſiſt)
Outrageous ſoon became;
Each art, in vain, their riders us'd
Their ſteeds again to tame.
Soon as the archers ſaw the French
Advance, with fury fraught,
They all behind their pointed piles
Retir'd, as quick as thought:—
Where, cover'd both in front and flank,
They ſafe from danger ſtood;
And ſaw their haughty enemies,
Immerg'd in ſeas of blood,

Their horſes ſpurr'd, ruſh'd on the piles,
(Each ſharp as pointed ſword)
With which their ſhoulders, breaſts, and ſides,
Moſt mis'rably were gor'd: —

Some flounc'd, ſome plung'd, ſome on the ſpikes
Their frighted riders threw,
Where, cruelly impal'd, they hung—
A ſhocking ſight to view!

Of dying, and of wounded men,
How dreadful were the cries!
Their armour, clattering, as they fell,
Made a moſt hideous noiſe—

Still adding horror to the ſcene;
While, thro' the yielding air,
A tempeſt black of arrows flew,
O'erwhelming with deſpair

The Gallic troops; no longer proof
Againſt the Engliſh force;
On their main body, back they fell;
Their laſt—and ſad reſource!

The archers ſaw their order broke;
And, ere their ranks cou'd cloſe,
Each graſp'd the ſword and battle-axe,
And flung away their bows—

Then, boldly ruſhing on the foe,
A horrid fight enſu'd,
Which ended not, until the French
Were routed, and ſubdu'd.

Mean time, the gallant Henry fought
In front of all his men,
Againſt the *ſecond* Gallic line;
(Which firm had ſtood, 'till then)

Not only, as their General;
But was alike expos'd
To danger, with each private man;
And ſoon, a band compos'd
Of eighteen Gallic gentlemen,
All reſolutely bent,
To take away his precious life,
Approach'd—with *that* intent;
And, boldly daring, nigh the King
So *very* cloſely preſt,
That one of them, with battle-axe,
Struck him upon the creſt;

But *this* raſh action coſt them dear,
For, on the *ſelf-ſame* ground,
Meant to be ſtain'd with royal blood,
Themſelves a death-bed found.

There too—th' heroic David Gam
Immortaliz'd his name;
Defending of his Prince—he fell;
His kinſmen did the ſame.

Henry was ſenſible how much
He to their ſervice ow'd—
And, ere their eyes were ſunk in death,
Knighthood on them beſtow'd:

'Twas all he cou'd—for ſtill the fight
Was vig'rouſly maintain'd;
And ſoon, another dreadful ſcene,
His royal boſom pain'd:—

Struck down with battle-axes, lay
Extended on the ground,
His valiant brother, Gloceſter's Duke,
Depreſt with many a wound;

But

But the brave King preſerv'd his *life*,
At th' hazard of his *own*;
While *two*, in armour like to *his*,
Were kill'd—their names unknown.

The Engliſh, by their glorious King
Encourag'd—*now* broke thro'
The French battalions—when the horſe
From ambuſh, came in view;

And ruſhing—with a mighty ſhout,
Attack'd them in the rear;
Thoſe troops had yet good order kept,
But *now* they fled for fear:

Seeing the two *firſt* lines give way,
They no reſiſtance made;
But Alenſon's courageous Duke
A nobler ſoul diſplay'd—

Soon

Soon as he ſaw the battle loſt,
To kill the King he try'd;
And preſſing thro' the thickeſt fight,
The royal hero ſpy'd:

"I am the Duke of Alenſon"—
He cry'd—"thy greateſt foe"—
Then aim'd his ſword at Henry's head,
And ſtruck a furious blow;

Which cleav'd the crown, his helmet's creſt,
But did no *farther* harm;
Altho' this bold attempt ſoon rais'd
A great, and dire alarm,

And ſo far th' Engliſh Lion rous'd,
That, inſtantly, he threw
The brave Alenſon on the ground,
And his two foll'wers ſlew.

But

But thoſe who were about the King,
Enrag'd! beyond all bounds!
Diſpatch'd the enterprizing Duke,
With many mortal wounds;

While Henry's gen'rous ſoul was pain'd;
But vain was all his care!
Tho' he cry'd out, to *ſpare his life*,
His *life* they wou'd not *ſpare*.

Full three hours did the battle laſt,
And *dreadful* hours were *they!*
For many a noble Lord of France,
Reſign'd his breath *that* day.

And, tho' the Engliſh victors were,
And *thoſe* who were not ſlain
Were pris'ners made—yet, Henry felt
Compaſſion's tend'reſt pain,

When

When he ſurvey'd the bloody field
  Next day, in paſſing thro',
Where heaps of carcaſſes were found,
  And blood in ſtreams did flow.

Nor did he quit the horrid ſcene,
  Without *due* rev'rence paid,
To *that* Almighty power, who had
  Such *vaſt* diſtinction made:

So far preſerv'd his ſubjects' lives,
  That *moſt of them* remain'd;
And own'd the battle of Agincourt—
  Heaven, not *his arms*, had gain'd.

The LADY *and the* DOCTOR; *an* ANECDOTE.

A PHYSICIAN of eminence, ſome years ago,
Was call'd *in*, to attend on a Lady of faſhion,
Who had long been admir'd—and the toaſt of each Beau,
Tho' *now*, her ſunk features excited compaſſion.

The Doctor no ſooner the Lady had ey'd,
Than he begg'd—"She for once would his freedom forgive,
"If he ſtept, from the rules of good-breeding, aſide,
"To mention the terms upon which ſhe might live."

"By all means"—cry'd the Lady—"for ſurely no word
"A *Phyſician* may utter, ſhou'd e'er give offence;
"Punctilio, in illneſs, is always abſurd,
"And ſhews either Doctor, or Patient want ſenſe."

"Why

" Why then, my dear Lady, I cannot reſiſt
" Pronouncing this truth, like a plain honeſt man;
" That if, in the uſe of white paint you perſiſt,
" No med'cine will *ſave* you, do *all* that I can."

You aſtoniſh me, Doctor! but, ſuch is my caſe,
That I may as well *die*, as leave *painting* alone;
For, ſhou'd I appear with my *natural face*
Amongſt my acquaintance—I ſhou'd not be known.

From SELIMA *to* ACHMET, *an* EASTERN MONARCH;

ON THE RUIN OCCASIONED BY A LONG, THOUGH SUCCESSFUL WAR.

THOU firſt of Monarchs, and thou beſt of men,
Accept the tribute of my artleſs pen;
An humble Shepherdeſs for pardon craves,
While *thus* her wont obſcurity ſhe leaves;
Embolden'd by his clemency alone,
To bend before the mighty Achmet's throne.

This remote corner of thy wide domain,
Has often felt the bleſſings of thy reign;
And *here* the great, the joyful news is ſpread,
That *thou*, the beauteous partner of thy bed,
Haſt, from her late captivity, regain'd—
We hail thy happineſs, with joy unfeign'd;

O! may

O! may *that* happineſs be ſtill increas'd! —
We likewiſe hear, that a moſt ſumptuous feaſt,
Is now preparing, by thy ſole command,
To entertain the nobles of the land;
On whom thy treaſures ſhall profuſely flow;
Gold, pearls and diamonds, deck each coſtly ſhow;
And, that for many days, Muſic's ſweet voice,
Shall cheer their ſouls, and bid their hearts rejoice —
But, Achmet, are not *we*, as well as *they*,
Thy faithful ſervants? — let *us* then be gay:
Yet know — we aſk not for thy purple *wine*,
Nor — at the want of *delicates* repine;
We need no *gold* — and *jewels* were not made
To be on *Shepherdeſſes breaſts* diſplay'd:
A *greater* boon we crave, more precious far —
Reſtore us what we've loſt by cruel war;
Whoſe horrid devaſtation fills our plains,
(*Once*, the abode of happy nymphs and ſwains)

With

With childleſs fathers—while the widow's moan,
And orphan's tears, wou'd ſoften hearts of ſtone:
Here virgin brides lament their wretched ſtate;
O, gen'rous Achmet!—*good*, as thou art *great*;
Of *thee*, we beg our lovers—for we know,
None, but the *gods*, or *thee*, can ſuch a boon beſtow;
Give us our ſons, our huſbands, and our ſires;
Our deep diſtreſs thy royal aid requires.

O! cou'dſt thou, Achmet, for a while lay down
The pomp of ſtate, and burthen of a crown;
And, like a ſwain, in humble garb array'd,
Leave thy gay court—our ruſtic ſoil to tread,
Here wou'dſt thou find true miſery diſplay'd;
But, ſince we ne'er can hope to ſee *that day*,
Let thy poor ſlave the piteous ſcene pourtray.

Behold yon venerable group of ſwains,
Driving their flocks, to water, o'er the plains;

Bending

Bending beneath a load of years and cares—
See, how they totter!—Mark their hoary hairs!—
Long had they liv'd in eaſe—from labour free,
'Till their ſtout ſons were took to fight for *thee*;
To bleed for *thee*, their aged ſires they left,
Of children, and of eaſe, at once bereft;
Achmet, 'twas cruel *war*, and thy *commands*,
That ſnatch'd *thoſe crutches* from their feeble hands.

Mark next, thoſe pretty babes, whoſe flaxen hair,
Is to th' hot ſun, and beating rain, left bare;
Their little lips diſtain'd with berries rude,
Which, hapleſs fate! is now their only food;
Their father's bow no ſuſtenance can yield,
Each *cot* forſaken for the *hoſtile field*.
Ah! pretty innocents, who *now* ſhall form
Your tender minds, or ſhield you from each ſtorm?

From

From ſavage beaſts—or from the poiſon'd fruit,
And pluck each weed of vice ere it has root?
Or who ſhall guide your heedleſs ſteps the road,
That leads to Virtue's ever bleſt abode?

See! Achmet, ſee! that *ſad* but *lovely* troop
Of virgins;—ſee how the pale lillies droop!
No longer on their cheeks the roſe appears;
Their brilliant eyes are dimm'd with falling tears:—
For *them* no more, the choiceſt flow'rs are pull'd;
No more for *them*, the mellow fruit is cull'd:—
All ſad and gloomy *now* appear the groves
Through which, their ſwains *once* ſweetly breath'd their loves,
In ſoft perſuaſive notes—now heard no more,
Since, from their home, accurſed war has bore
Each lover, and each bridegroom far away,
And left *theſe* comfortleſs—to grief a prey.

Once

Once more (if thou canſt bear the ſight) look where
A train of dames, more wretched ſtill, appear;
Theſe, Achmet, *theſe* were *once* the happy wives
Of worthy huſbands—peaceful was their lives;
In wedded love, unmingled bliſs they found,
And ſweet Content ſat ſmiling all around;
But *now*, O ſad reverſe! they're doom'd to feel
Far greater woes than language can reveal—
When, with the morn, the riſing ſun appears,
The glorious proſpect aggravates their fears;
For, ere his ſetting beams the Weſt ſhall gild,
Their kind protectors' blood may ſtain the field:
Oh! dreadful thought! what horrors doſt thou bring!
What heart is proof againſt thy pow'rful ſting?
The meaſure of our woe is nigh complete—
Help then, O Achmet! help, ere 'tis too late;
Give us our friends, while they are *thine* to give,
So ſhall thy name to future ages live;

Proſperity, again, ſhall bleſs our land—
Friendſhip and Love return at thy command;
To *thee*, our hearts, with gratitude we'll raiſe,
And children, yet unborn, ſhall ſing thy praiſe;

How, " When fierce tyrants kindled guilty war,
" Achmet, tho' ſeated in triumphal car—
" Bade war, with its attending horrors, ceaſe,
" And—in the height of Victory—made Peace."

On

On DUELLING.

YE furious Duelliſts, who, with the ſword,
Glory your private quarrels to decide,
To check each haughty look, or haſty word,
Which hurts your vanity, or wounds your pride,

Liſten a moment to my ruſtic rhymes;
No fulſome ſermon courts th' averted eye;
But a faint picture of the preſent times,
Where *faſhion* teaches mortals how to die.

Too oft the tidings of the day relate,
How, in Hyde-Park, or ſome like fatal place,
A youth, by ſword or piſtol, met his fate;
Taught, by *falſe honour*, thus to ſhun diſgrace.

To meet the King of Terrors, void of fear,
All pure and ſpotleſs ſhould our manners be;
The ſaint, whoſe breaſt of ev'ry crime is clear,
Trembles at his approach, and ſtern decree.

But mad the wretch, who dares encounter death,
Thirſting for blood, his murd'rous weapon rais'd
Againſt another's life; and yield his breath,
When guilt, infernal guilt, his ſoul has ſeiz'd.

The Greeks and Romans, who, by turns, ſubdu'd
The world, and gave it laws; for courage fam'd,
Never deſtroy'd each other, nor imbru'd
Their hands in blood, when war no more was nam'd.

And ſhall a nation, where the Arts refin'd,
Where Genius, Sentiment, and Learning dwell,
Be to ſuch wanton cruelty inclin'd?
Forbid it Heav'n! and blaſt the views of Hell.

When

When wiſe Guſtavus* Sweden's ſceptre ſway'd,
To ſuch a height this horrid practice roſe,
That through his army, Duelling was made
The common method of chaſtizing foes:

Till by a *juſt*, tho' a *ſevere decree*,
The Monarch doom'd the firſt that ſhould offend,
To ſuffer death, of whatſoe'er degree,
Firmly reſolv'd his edict to defend,

Soon after which a quarrel roſe between
Two officers of rank, who knew the King—
Knew him inflexible; nor cou'd they ſcreen
Themſelves, beneath diſtinction's gaudy wing.

But both agreed an audience to requeſt,
And beg the King's permiſſion to decide
The fatal diff'rence, which their ſouls poſſeſt,
Like men of honour, and of courage try'd.

The

* Guſtavus Adolphus.

The King comply'd with their requeſt; but blam'd
Them much, for violating Nature's laws;
Yet promis'd, at the time and place they nam'd,
Himſelf to ſee them terminate their cauſe.

The morn arriv'd; the King attended came
By a ſmall body of his troops, who form'd
A circle round the combatants for fame,
As though he meant to ſee the fight perform'd.

"Now fight," he cry'd, "'till one of you be ſlain;"
Then, turning to the Provoſt-Marſhall, ſaid,
"That *neither* of our *juſtice* ſhall complain,
"Soon as *one* falls, ſtrike off the *other's* head."

Juſtly aſtoniſh'd, at their Sovereign's feet,
Upon their bended knees the heroes fell;
Implor'd his pardon; he, in accents ſweet,
Bade them embrace, and friends for ever dwell.

This

This both aſſented to, with thanks ſincere,
And, ever after, link'd in friendſhip's chain;
They bleſs'd their gracious Sovereign's pious care,
Nor did the King leſs ſatisfaction gain.

O! had ſuch ſalutary laws prevail'd
Where Liffy rolls along its limpid ſtream,
O'Brien had not his ſad fate bewail'd,
Nor his misfortune been the Muſe's theme.

Born in Hibernia, heir to wealth immenſe,
O'Brien was in Dublin college bred;
Where his high birth, large fortune, and good ſenſe,
In all amuſements render'd him the head.

Youths, of the firſt diſtinction, daily ſtrove
In his eſteem to gain the higheſt place;
He, *too*, the charms of friendſhip wiſh'd to prove,
And found a friend, adorn'd with ev'ry grace.

Butler,

Butler, of equal rank and age, poſſeſt
One of the moſt benevolent of hearts;
And, with ſuperior underſtanding bleſt,
He was, beſides, eſteem'd a youth of parts.

In *him* was all that fancy could deviſe,
When ſhe the heroes of romance pourtray'd;
Form'd to engage the heart, and charm the eyes,
In all the pride of youthful bloom array'd:

With him a friendſhip, of the warmeſt kind,
O'Brien form'd;—ah! little did he think
Such a connection, with his kindred mind,
Would ever lead him to deſtruction's brink.

Each had a ſiſter, virtuous, young and fair,
Their hearts in uniſon together beat;
The ſun ne'er roſe on a more beauteous pair,
And Hymen promis'd happineſs compleat:

For each fond youth grew ardently in love
With the ſweet ſiſter of his deareſt friend;
Nor did the fair their lovers diſapprove—
The nuptial day was fix'd, their cares to end.

But ah! the eve of that much-wiſh'd-for day,
The joyful youths imprudently agreed,
Amongſt their friends to paſs ſome hours away
In ſocial mirth; when, as ill fate decreed,

A ſimple argument aroſe, between
Butler, and one whom he eſteem'd his friend;
O'Brien thought *he** much too warm had been,
And gently did the other's cauſe defend.

From ſlight debates what miſchiefs may enſue!
O'Brien ſaw the gathering ſtorm ariſe;
Saw his lov'd Butler's fatal rage renew,
Vindictive fury flaſhing from his eyes.

* Butler.

Quarrels of friends are always moſt ſevere;
Butler's warm temper could not bear rebuke;
'Twas cutting—from a friend he held ſo dear—
An injury too great to overlook.

On poor O'Brien's head a torrent pour'd,
Of harſh invectives, and reproaches keen;
His heart was pierc'd—his placid temper ſour'd—
Reaſon gave way, and paſſion took the rein:

Words produc'd words—at length the public lie,
From Butler, ended this their dire diſpute;
No means now left, but one, to ſatisfy
The phantom *honour*—ev'ry tongue was mute:—

In ſhort, a challenge paſt; and both agreed,
Next morning, in the Phœnix Park, to meet;
Revenge was *now* their object—love muſt bleed—
Friendſhip be ſacrific'd at honour's feet.

But,

But, when the hours of cool reflection came,
And reaſon re-aſſum'd her vacant throne,
The wretched youths, o'erwhelm'd with grief and ſhame,
Saw all their ſchemes of happineſs o'erthrown.

Anger was gone—and love, once more, prevail'd;
Friendſhip's all-powerful voice again was heard;
But ah! their fatal challenge was reveal'd,
And tyrant cuſtom honour's laws preferr'd.

The dreaded morn, replete with horrors, came;
Each, with their ſeconds, their appointment kept:
One had a cold—the other glow'd with ſhame—
And both—ſpite of their care to hide it—wept.

Trembling, they took their ground, and both cry'd "Fire,"
Three ſeveral times—reſolv'd to ſtand the ſhot;
Death was, to *both*, an object of deſire,
And how obtain'd, juſt then, it matter'd not.

The ſeconds, unconcern'd, the conflict view'd;
And, all-unfeeling, mark'd each falling tear;
At length O'Brien's, with an accent rude,
Cry'd out, "The fellows are o'ercome with fear."

This, in an inſtant, rous'd their ſleeping ire;
Both fir'd—and ſad O'Brien liv'd, to tell
How, by his cruel hand, misfortune dire!
His deareſt friend, his much-lov'd Butler, fell.

When, to his deſtin'd bride, Maria, came
The fatal tidings of her brother's death,
Convulſions ſeiz'd upon her tender frame,
And the grim tyrant ſnatch'd her fleeting breath.

Charlotte no ſooner heard the horrid tale,
Than, in deſpair, her bridal robes ſhe tore;
Her tortur'd intellects began to fail,
And ſenſe forſook her, to return no more.

But

But how O'Brien wept, and tore his hair!
His friend he'd murder'd, and his bride was dead—
His ſiſter mad—life was not worth his care,
For ev'ry comfort was with Butler fled.

In this diſtreſs, on ſuicide intent,
A worthy prelate timely interpos'd;
Who try'd, by admonition, to prevent
The dreadful deed, to which he ſeem'd diſpos'd.

Religion taught him to revere his God,
And to abhor his meditated crime:
Calmly ſubmitting to affliction's rod,
He waited, patiently, the Scythe of Time.

11;7;19